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SELECT TALES.

THE PRIZE TALE.

MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded.]

As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across Aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House.—“Just at that moment,” said he, “I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm, (unquestionably the finest woman in England,) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington.”

“Pray, sir,” said Mrs. Quimby, “as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsey Dempsey’s husband?”

“I have not the honor of being acquainted with that person,” replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

“Well, that’s strange,” pursued Aunt Quimby, “considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May be seventeen and a half. Well, it’s best to be on the safe side, so I’ll say seventeen. Betsey Dempsey’s mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsey. But he never sent for her at all, for a very good reason, which was that he had another wife in England, as most of them have—no disparagement to you, sir.”

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts in a whisper that the good old lady beside her was a distant relation or rather connexion of Mr. Marsden’s, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden’s proposal that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room next to her old friend Mrs. Willis, Aunt Quimby replied nothing but “Thank you I’m doing very well here.”

Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not. “To my certain knowledge,” said Miss Montague,

“his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else.”

“I’ll lay you two to one,” said Mrs. Montague, “that he is married to her before we return to England.”

“No,” replied the daughter, “like all others of his sex, he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense.”

“What you say, Miss, is very true,” said Aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn, across Mr. Montague, “and considering how young you are, you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them.—There’s my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago, the 23d of last April. He is as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself; and sometimes I can’t help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlor, with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of year,) Billy Fairfowl came home carrying in his hand a good-sized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. At dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still avoided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I’d let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him; so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don’t know the price of that shad.”

The Montagues looked at each other—almost laughed aloud, and drew back their chairs as far from Aunt Quimby as possible. So also did Mrs. Potts. Mrs. Marsden came up in an agony of vexation, and reminded her aunt in a low voice of the risk of renewing her rheumatism by staying so long between the damp newly-papered walls. The old lady answered aloud—“Oh! you need not fear, I am well wrapped up on purpose.—And indeed, considering that the parlors were only papered to-day, I think the walls have dried wonderfully, (putting her hand on the paper)—I am sure nobody could find out the damp if they were not told.”

“What?” exclaimed the Montagues; “only papered to-day—(starting up and testifying all that prudent fear of taking cold, so characteristic of the English). How barbarous to inveigle us into such a place!”

“I thought I felt strangely chilly all the evening,” said Mrs. Potts, whose fan had scarcely been at rest five minutes.

The Montagues proposed going away immediately, and Mrs. Potts declared she was most apprehensive for poor little Lafayette. Mrs. Marsden, who could not endure the idea of their departing till all the refreshments had been handed round, (the best being yet to come,) took great pains to persuade them that there was no real cause of alarm, as she had had large fires all the afternoon. They held a whispered consultation, in which they agreed to stay for the oysters and chicken salad, and Mrs. Marsden went out to send them their shawls, with one for Lafayette.

By this time, the secret of the newly-papered walls had spread round both rooms; the conversation now turned entirely on colds and rheumatisms; there was much shivering and considerable coughing, and the demand for shawls increased. However, nobody actually went home in consequence.

“Papa,” said Miss Montague, “let us all take French leave as soon as the oysters and chicken-salad have gone round.”

Albina now came up to Aunt Quimby (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired,) and proposed that she should return to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her—“I do not feel quite ready to go yet,” replied Mrs. Quimby. “I am very well here. But you need not mind me. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those three poor girls in the yellow frocks, that nobody has spoken to yet, except Bromley Cheston. When I am ready to go I shall take French leave, as these English people call it.”

But Aunt Quimby’s idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptance of the term; for having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all around the room, curtsying to everybody and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave. To put an end to this ridiculous scene, Bromley Cheston (who had been on assiduous duty all the evening,) now came forward and taking the old lady’s arm in his, offered to escort her up stairs. Aunt Quimby was much flattered by this unexpected civility from the finest looking young man in the room, and she smilingly departed with him, complimenting him on his politeness, and assuring him that he was a real gentleman; trying also to make out the degree of relationship that existed between them.

“So much for Buckingham,” said Cheston, as he ran down stairs after depositing the old lady at the door of her room. “Fools of all ranks and of all ages are to me equally intolerable. I never can marry into such a family.”

The party went on.

"In the name of heaven, Mrs. Potts," said Mrs. Montague, "what induces you to patronize these people?"

"Why, they are the only tolerable persons in the neighborhood," answered Mrs. Potts, "and very kind and obliging in their way. I really think Albina a very sweet girl, very sweet indeed; and Mrs. Marsden is rather amiable too, quite amiable. And they are so grateful for any little notice I take of them, that it is really quite affecting. Poor things! how much trouble they have given themselves in getting up this party. They look as if they had had a hard day's work; and I have no doubt they will be obliged, in consequence, to pinch themselves for months to come; for I can assure you their means are very small, very small indeed. As to this intolerable old aunt I never saw her before; and as there is something rather genteel about Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, rather so at least about Albina, I did not suppose they had any such relations belonging to them. I think, in future, I must confine myself entirely to the aristocracy."

"We deliberated to the last moment," said Mrs. Montague, "whether we would come. But as Mr. Montague is going to write his tour when we return to England, he thinks it expedient to make some sacrifices, for the sake of seeing the varieties of American society."

"Oh! these people are not in society," exclaimed Mrs. Potts, eagerly. "I can assure you these Marsdens have not the slightest pretensions to society. Oh! no—I beg of you not to suppose that Mrs. Marsden and her daughter are at all in society."

This conversation was overheard by Bromley Cheston, and it gave him more pain than he was willing to acknowledge, even to himself.

At length all the refreshments had gone their rounds, and the Montagues had taken real French leave; but Mrs. Washington Potts preferred a conspicuous departure, and therefore made her adieu with a view of producing great effect.—This was a signal for the company to break up and Mrs. Marsden gladly smiled them out, while Albina could have said with Gray's Prophetess—

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose."

But, according to Mrs. Marsden, the worst of all was the poet, the professedly eccentric Bewley Garvin Gandy, author of the *World of Sorrow*, *Elegy on a Broken Heart*, *Lines on a Suppressed Sigh*, *Sonnet to a Hidden Tear*, *Stanzas to Faded Hopes*, &c. &c. and who was just now engaged in a tale called "The Bewildered," and an Ode to the Waning Moon, which set him to wandering about the country, and "kept him out o' nights." The poet, not being a man of this world, did not make his appearance at the party till the moment of the bustle occasioned by the exit of Mrs. Washington Potts. He then darted suddenly into the room, and looked wild.

We will not insinuate that he bore any resemblance to Sandy Clark. He certainly wore no chapeau and his coat was not in the least a la militaire, for it was a dusky brown frock. His collar was open, in the fashion attributed to Byron, and much affected by scribblers who are in-

capable of imitating the noble bard in any thing but his follies. His hair looked as if he had just been tearing it, and his eyes seemed "in a fine frenzy rolling." He was on his return from one of his moonlight rambles on the banks of the river, and his pantaloons and coat-skirt showed evident marks of having been deep among the cat-tails and splatter-docks that grew in the mud of its margin.

Being a man that took no note of time, he wandered into Mrs. Marsden's house between eleven and twelve o'clock, and remained an hour after the company had gone; reclining at full length on a sofa, and discussing Barry Cornwall and Thomas Haynes Bayley, L. E. L. and Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. After which he gradually became classical, and poured into the sleepy ears of Mrs. Marsden and Albina a parallel between Tibullus and Propertius, a dissertation on *Alceus* and another on *Menander*.

Bromley Cheston, who had been escorting home two sets of young ladies that lived "far as the poles asunder," passed Mrs. Marsden's house on returning to his hotel, and seeing the lights still gleaming, he went in to see what was the matter, and kindly relieved his aunt and cousin by reminding the poet of the lateness of the hour, and "fairly carrying him off."

Aunt Quimby had long since been asleep.—But before Mrs. Marsden and Albina could forget themselves in "tir'd nature's sweet restorer," they lay awake for an hour, discussing the fatigues and vexations of the day, and the mortifications of the evening. "After all," said Albina, "this party has cost us five times as much as it is worth, both in trouble and expense and I really cannot tell what pleasure we have derived from it."

"No one expects pleasure at their own party," replied Mrs. Marsden. "But you may depend on it, this little compliment to Mrs. Washington Potts will prove highly advantageous to us hereafter. And then it is *something* to be the only family in the neighborhood that could presume to do such a thing."

Next morning, Bromley Cheston received a letter which required his immediate presence in New-York, on business of importance. When he went to take leave of his aunt and cousin, he found them busily engaged in the troublesome task of clearing away and putting in order; a task which is nearly equal to that of making the preparations for a party. They looked pale and spiritless, and Mrs. Washington Potts had just sent her three boys to spend the day with them.

When Cheston took Albina's hand at parting, he felt it tremble, and her eyes looked as if they were filling with tears. "After all," thought he, "she is a charming girl, and hath both sense and sensibility."

"I am very nervous to-day," said Albina; "the party has been too much for me; and I have in prospect for to-morrow the pain of taking leave of Mrs. Washington Potts, who returns with all her family to Philadelphia."

"Strange infatuation," thought Cheston, as he dropped Albina's hand, and made his parting bow. "I must see more of this girl, before I can resolve to trust my happiness to her keeping; I cannot share her heart with Mrs. Washington

Potts. When I return from New-York I will talk to her seriously about that ridiculous woman, and I will also remonstrate with her mother on the folly of straining every nerve in the pursuit of what she calls a certain style."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Potts did Albina the honor to send for her to assist in the preparations for to-morrow's removal to town; and in the evening the three boys were all taken home sick, in consequence of having laid violent hands on the fragments of the feast, which fragments they had continued during the day to devour almost without intermission. Also Randolph had thrown Jefferson down stairs, and raised two green bumps on his forehead, and Jefferson had pinched Lafayette's fingers in the door till the blood came; not to mention various minor squabbles and hurts.

At parting, Mrs. Potts went so far as to kiss Albina, and made her promise to let her know immediately, whenever she or her mother came to the city.

In about two weeks, Aunt Quimby finished her visitation; and the day after her departure, Mrs. Marsden and Albina went to town to make their purchases for the season, and also with a view towards a party which they knew Mrs. Potts had in contemplation. This time they did not as usual stay with their relations, but they took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house, where they could receive their "great women" *comme il faut*.

On the morning after their arrival, Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, in their most costly dresses, went to visit Mrs. Potts, that she might be apprized of their arrival; and they found her in a spacious house, expensively and ostentatiously furnished. After they had waited till even *their* patience was nearly exhausted, Mrs. Potts came down stairs to them, but there was evidently a great abatement in her affability. She seemed uneasy, looked frequently towards the door, got up several times and went to the window, and appeared fidgetty when the bell rung. At last there came in two very flaunting ladies, whom Mrs. Potts received as if she considered them people of consequence. They were not introduced to the Marsdens, who after the entrance of these new visitors, sat awhile in the pitiable situation of cyphers, and then took their leave.—"Strange," said Mrs. Marsden, "that she did not say a word of her party."

Three days after their visit, Mrs. Washington Potts left cards for Mrs. and Miss Marsden, without inquiring if they were at home. And they heard from report that her party was fixed for the week after next, and that it was expected to be very splendid, as it was to introduce her daughter who had just quitted boarding-school. The Marsdens had seen this young lady, who had spent the August holidays with her parents. She was as silly as her mother, and as dull as her father, in the eyes of all who were not blindly determined to think her otherwise, or who did not consider it particularly expedient to uphold all of the name of Potts.

At length they heard that the invitations were going out for Mrs. Potts' party, and that though very large, it was not to be general; which meant that only one or two of the members were

to be selected from each family with whom Mrs. Potts thought proper to acknowledge an acquaintance. From this moment Mrs. Marsden, who at the best of times had never really been treated with much respect by Mrs. Potts, gave up all hope of an invitation for herself; but she counted certainly on one for Albina, and every ring at the door was expected to bring it. There were many rings, but no invitation; and poor Albina and her mother took turns in watching at the window.

At last Bogle was seen to come up the steps with a handful of notes; and Albina, regardless of all rule, ran to the front door herself. They were cards for a party, but not Mrs. Potts', and were intended for two other ladies that lodged in the house.

Every time that Albina went out and came home, she enquired anxiously of all the servants if no note had been left for her. Still there was none. And her mother still insisted that the note *must* have come, but had been mislaid afterwards, or that Bogle had lost it in the street.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday passed over, and still no invitation. Mrs. Marsden talked much of the carelessness of servants, and had no doubt of the habitual negligence of Messrs. Bogle, Shepard, and other "fashionable party-men." Albina was almost sick with "hope deferred." At last, when she came home on Monday morning from Second-street, her mother met her at the door with a delighted face, and showed her the long-desired note, which had just been brought by Mrs. Potts's own man. The party was to take place in two days; and so great was now Albina's happiness, that she scarcely felt the fatigue of searching the shops for articles of attire that were very elegant and yet not *too* expensive; and shopping with a limited purse is certainly no trifling exercise both of mind and body; so also is the task of going round among fashionable mantua-makers in the hope of coaxing one of them to undertake a dress at a short notice.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts sent for Albina immediately after breakfast, and told her that as she knew her to be very clever at all sorts of things, she wanted her to stay that day and assist in the preparations for the next. Mrs. Potts, like many other people who live in showy houses and dress extravagantly, was very economical in servants. She gave such low wages that none would come to her who could get places any where else, and she kept them on such limited allowance that none would stay with her who were worth having.

Fools, are seldom consistent in their expenditure. They generally (to use a homely expression) strain at gnats and swallow camels.

About noon Albina having occasion to consult Mrs. Potts concerning something that was to be done, found her in the front parlor with Mrs. and Miss Montague. After Albina had left the room, Mrs. Montague said to Mrs. Potts—"Is not that the girl that lives with her mother at the place on the river, I forget what you call it?—I mean the niece of the aunt."

"That is Albina Marsden," replied Mrs. Potts.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Montague, "the people that made so great an exertion to give you a sort

of party, and honored Mr. and Miss Montague and myself with invitations."

"She's not to be here to-morrow night, I hope!" exclaimed Miss Montague.

"Really," replied Mrs. Potts, "I could do no less than ask her. The poor thing did her very best to be civil to us all last summer."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Montague, "in the country one is willing sometimes to take up with such company as we should be very sorry to acknowledge in town. You assured me that your party to-morrow night would be extremely *recherchee*. And as it is so early in the season, you know that it is necessary to be more particular now than at the close of the campaign, when every one is tired of parties and unwilling to get new evening dresses lest they should be out of fashion before they were wanted again. Excuse me, I speak only from what I have heard of American customs."

"I am always particular about my parties," said Mrs. Potts.

"A word in your ear," continued Mrs. Montague. "Is it not impolitic, or rather are you not afraid to bring forward so beautiful a girl as this Miss Marsden on the very night of your own daughter's debut?"

Mrs. Potts looked alarmed for a moment, and then recovering herself, said—"I have no fear of Miss Harriet Angelina Potts being thrown in the shade by a little country girl like this. Albina Marsden is pretty enough, to be sure—at least, rather pretty—but then there is a certain style—a certain air which she of course—in short, a certain style—"

"As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs. Montague, "I do not know exactly what you mean. If it signifies the air and manner of a lady, this Miss Marsden has as much of it as any other American girl. To me they are all nearly alike. I cannot distinguish those minute shades of difference that you all make such a point of. In my unpractised eyes the daughters of your mechanics and shopkeepers look as well and behave as well as the daughters of your lawyers and doctors, for I find your nobility is chiefly made up of these two professions, with the addition of a few merchants; and you call every one a merchant that does not sell his commodities by the single yard or the single quart."

"Mamma," whispered Miss Montague, "if that girl is to be here, I don't wish to come. I can't endure her."

"Take my advice," continued Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Potts, "and put off this Miss Marsden. If she was not so strikingly handsome, she might pass unnoticed in the crowd. But her beauty will attract general observation, and you will be obliged to tell exactly who she is, where you picked her up, and to give or to hear an account of her family and all her connexions; and from the specimen we have had in the old aunt, I doubt if they will bear a very minute scrutiny. So if she is invited, endeavor to uninvite her."

"I am sure I would willingly do that," replied Mrs. Potts, "but I can really think of no excuse."

"Oh! send her a note to-morrow," answered Mrs. Montague, carelessly, and rising to depart, "any thing or nothing, so that you only signify to her that she is not to come."

All day Mrs. Potts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albina from appearing at her party; and her conscience smote her when she saw the unsuspecting girl so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations. Before Albina went home, Mrs. Potts had come to the conclusion to follow Mrs. Montague's advice, but she shrunk from the task of telling her so in person. She determined to send her, next morning, a concise note, politely requesting her not to come, and she intended afterwards to call on her and apologize, on the plea of her party being by no means general, but still so large that every inch of room was an object of importance; also that the selection consisted entirely of persons well known to each other and accustomed to meet in company, and that there was every reason to fear that her gentle and modest friend Albina would have been unable to enjoy herself among so many strangers, &c. &c. These excuses she knew were very flimsy, but she trusted to Albina's good nature, and she thought she could smooth off all by inviting both her and her mother to a sociable tea.

Next morning Mrs. Potts, who was on no occasion very ready with her pen, considering that she professed to be an *au fait* to every thing, employed near an hour in manufacturing the following note to Albina:

"Mrs. Washington Potts's compliments to Miss Marsden, and she regrets being under the necessity of dispensing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle at her mansion-house this evening. Mrs. W. P. will explain hereafter, hoping Mrs. and Miss M. are both well. Mr. W. P. requests his respects to both ladies, as well as Miss Potts, and their favorite little Lafayette desires his best love."

This billet arrived while Albina had gone to her mantua-maker to have her new dress fitted on for the last time. Her mother opened the note and read it; a liberty which no parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs. Marsden was shocked at its contents, and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an interdiction. At first her only emotion was resentment against Mrs. Potts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Albina, whom she pictured to herself passing a forlorn evening at home, perhaps crying in her own room. Next, she recollected the elegant new dress in which Albina would have looked so beautifully, and which would now be useless.

"Oh!" soliloquized Mrs. Marsden, "what a pity this unaccountable note was not dropped and lost in the street. But then, of course some one would have found and read it, and that would have been worse than all. How could Mrs. Potts be guilty of such abominable rudeness, as to desire poor Albina not to come, after she had been invited. But great people think they may do any thing. I wish the note had fallen into the fire before it came into my hands; then Albina would have known nothing of it; she would have gone to the party, looking more charmingly than ever she did in her life; and she would be seen there, and admired, and make new acquaintances, and Mrs. Potts could do no otherwise than behave to her politely in her own house. Nobody would

know of this vile billet, which perhaps after all is only a joke, and Mrs. Potts would suppose that of course Albina had not received it; besides, I have no doubt that Mrs. Potts will send for her to-morrow, and make a satisfactory explanation. But then, to-night, if Albina could only get there to-night. What harm can possibly arrive from my not showing her the note till to-morrow. Why should the dear girl be deprived of all the pleasure she anticipated this evening! And even if she expected no enjoyment whatever, still how great will be the advantage of having her seen at Mrs. Washington Potts' select party; it will at once get her on in the world. Of course Mrs. Potts will conclude that the note miscarried, and will treat her as if it had never been sent. I am really most strongly tempted to suppress it, and let Albina go."

The more Mrs. Marsden thought of this project the less objectionable it appeared to her. When she saw Albina come home delighted with her new dress, which fitted her exactly, and when she heard her impatiently wishing that evening was come, this weak and ill-judging mother could not resolve (as she afterwards said) to dash all her pleasant anticipations to the ground and demolish her castles in the air. "My daughter shall be happy to-night," thought she, "whatever may be the event of to-morrow." She hastily concealed the note, and kept her resolution of not mentioning it to Albina.

Evening came, and Albina's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French barber. She was drest, and looked charmingly.

Albina knew that Mrs. Potts had sent an invitation to the United States Hotel for Lieutenant Cheston, who was daily expected, but had not yet returned from New-York, and she regretted much that she could not go to the party under his escort. She knew no one else of the company, and she had no alternative but to send for a carriage and proceed thither by herself, after her mother had despatched repeated messengers to the hotel to know if Mr. Cheston had yet arrived, for he was certainly expected back that evening.

As Albina drove to the house, she felt all the terrors of diffidence coming upon her, and already repented that she had ventured on this enterprise alone. On arriving, she did not go into the ladies' room, but gave her hood and cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested another attendant to inform Mr. Potts that a lady wished to see him. Mr. Potts accordingly came out into the hall, and looked surprised at finding Albina there, for he had heard his wife and daughter talking of the note of interdiction. But concluding, as he often did, that it was vain for him to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he thought it best to say nothing.

On Albina requesting him to accompany her on her entrance, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a very perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. As he led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually changed from perplexity to something like fright. Albina paid her compliments to Mrs. Potts, who received her with evident amazement, and without replying. Mrs. Montague, who sat next to the lady of the mansion, opened still wider her immense eyes, and then "to make assurance doubly sure,"

applied her opera-glass. Miss Montague first stared, and then laughed.

Albina, much disconcerted, turned to look for a seat; Mr. Potts having withdrawn his arm. As she retired to the only vacant chair, she heard a half whisper running along the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish the words so as to make any connected sense of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Mrs. Potts.

"The assurance of American girls is astonishing," said Mrs. Montague.

"She was forbidden to come," said Miss Montague to a young lady beside her. "Mrs. Potts herself forbade her to come."

"She was actually prohibited," resumed Mrs. Montague, leaning over to Mrs. Jones.

"I sent her myself a note of prohibition," said Mrs. Potts, leaning over to Mrs. Smith. "I had serious objections to having her here."

"I never saw such downright impudence," pursued Mrs. Montague. "This I suppose is one of the consequences of the liberty, and freedom and independence that you Americans are always talking about. I must tell Mr. Montague, for really this is too good to lose."

And beckoning her husband to come to her—"My dear," said she, "put down in your memorandum book, that when American married ladies invite young ladies to parties, they on second thoughts forbid them to come, and that the said American young ladies boldly persist in coming, in spite of the forbiddance."

And she then related to him the whole affair at full length, with numerous embellishments, looking all the time at poor Albina.

The story was soon circulated round the room in whispers and murmurs, and no one had candor or kindness enough to suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden's never having received the note.

Albina soon perceived herself to be an object of remark and animadversion, and she was sadly at a loss to divine the cause. The two ladies that were nearest to her rose up and left their seats, while two others edged their chairs further off. She knew no one, was introduced to no one, but she saw that every one was looking at her as she sat by herself, alone, conspicuous and abashed. Tea was waiting for a lady that came always last, and the whole company seemed to have leisure to gaze on poor Albina and to whisper about her.

Her situation now became intolerable. She felt that there was nothing left for her but to go home. Unluckily she had ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. At last she resolved on making a great effort, and on plea of a violent headache—a plea which by this time was literally true—to ask Mrs. Potts if she would allow a servant to bring a coach for her.

After several attempts she rose for the purpose; but she saw at the moment that all eyes were turned upon her. She tremblingly and with downcast looks advanced till she got into the middle of the room, and then all her courage deserted her at once, when she heard some one say, "I wonder what she is going to do next."

She stopped suddenly and stood motionless, and she saw Miss Potts giggle, and heard her say to a school girl near her—"I suppose she is

going to speak a speech." She turned very pale, and felt as if she could gladly sink into the floor, when suddenly some one took her hand, and the voice of Bromley Cheston said to her—"Albina—Miss Marsden—I will conduct you wherever you wish to go"—and then lowering his tone, he asked her, "Why this agitation—what has happened to distress you?"

Cheston had just arrived from New-York, having been detained on the way by an accident that happened to one of the boats, and finding that Mrs. Marsden was in town, and had that day sent several messages for him, he repaired immediately to her lodgings. He had intended declining the invitation of Mrs. Potts, but when he found that Albina had gone thither, he hastily changed his dress and went to the party. When he entered, what was his amazement to see her standing in the middle of the room, and the company whispering and gazing at her.

Albina, on hearing the voice of a friend, the voice of Bromley Cheston, was completely overcome, and she covered her face and burst into tears.

"Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation; I see that, whatever may have happened, you had best go home."

"Oh! most gladly, most thankfully," she exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs.

Cheston drew her arm within his, and bowing to Mrs. Potts, he led Albina out of the apartment, and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself a little, and prepare for her departure.

Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr. Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came out with a pale, frightened face, and said, "Indeed, sir—indeed, I had nothing to do with it: ask the women. It was all of them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina and whispered about her."

"For what?" demanded the lieutenant. "I insist on knowing for what cause."

"Why sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party, after Mrs. Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away; which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do."

"There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston. "I'll stake my life that she never saw the note. And now, for what reason did Mrs. Potts write such a note? How did she dare—"

"Oh!" replied Potts, stammering and hesitating, "women will have their notions; men are not half so particular about their company. Somehow, after Mrs. Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought on further consideration that poor Miss Albina was not quite genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a great point of being genteel. But, indeed, sir, (observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow,) indeed, sir—I was not in the least to blame. It was altogether the fault of my wife."

The indignation of the lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand and said to her—

"Albina did you receive a note from Mrs. Potts, interdicting your presence at the party?"

"Oh! no indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question. "Surely she did not send me such a note."

"Yes she did, though," said Potts, quickly.

"It is then necessary for me to say," said Albina, indignantly, "that under those circumstances nothing could have induced me to enter this house, now or ever. I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely, so cruelly?"

Upon this Mr. Potts made his escape, and Cheston having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few moments. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs. Potts, who was standing with half the company collected around her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish.

The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs. Potts, he said to her—"In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned, madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was till this moment unknown to that young lady. But even had she come wilfully, and in the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated. I have now only to say that if any gentleman presumes, either here or hereafter, to cast a reflection on the conduct of Miss Albina Marsden, in this or any other instance, he must answer to me for the consequences. And if I find that any lady has invidiously misrepresented this occurrence, I shall insist on an atonement from her husband, her brother or her admirer."

He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant follies. She is a lovely girl after all, and when withdrawn from the influence of her mother, will make a charming woman and an excellent wife."

Before the carriage had stopped at the residence of Mrs. Marsden, Cheston had made Albina an offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs. Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, that the suppression of the note would not eventuate well, and she bitterly regretted having done it. When her daughter related to her the story of the evening, Mrs. Marsden was overwhelmed with compunction, and though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but in compassion to Mrs. Marsden they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed, "I hope you are done forever with Mrs. Washington Potts."

Next morning, Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect, to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain, silly, heartless people, inferior to themselves in every thing but in wealth, and in a slight tincture of *soi-disant* fashion; and who, after all, only took them on or threw them off, as it suited their own convenience.

"What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs. Marsden. "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson. To tell the exact truth, I have heard since I came to town that Mrs. Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low origin."

"No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston, "in our country the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of mind and manners."

Next day Lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs. Marsden and Albina back to their own home—and a week afterwards he was sent unexpectedly on a cruise in the West Indies.

He returned in the spring, and found Mrs. Marsden more rational than he had ever known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading which he had marked out for her, and still more by her intimacy with a truly genteel, highly talented, and very amiable family from the eastward, who had recently bought a house in the village, and in whose society she wondered at the infatuation which had led her to fancy such a woman as Mrs. Washington Potts, with whom, of course, she never had any farther communication.

A recent and very large bequest to Bromley Cheston, from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.

Before the Montagues left Philadelphia to prosecute their journey to the South, there arrived an acquaintance of theirs from England, who injudiciously "told the secrets of his prison house," and made known in whispers "not loud but deep," that Mr. Dudley Montague, of Normancourt Park Hants, (alias Mr. John Wilkins of Lamb's Conduit street, Clerkenwell,) had long been well known in London as a reporter for a newspaper: that he had recently married a widow, the *ci-devant* governess of a Somers Town Boarding-school, who had drawn her ideas of fashionable life from the columns of the Morning Post, and who furnished her pupils so much to her own profit, that she had been able to retire on a sort of fortune. With the assistance of this fund, she and her daughter (the young lady was in reality the offspring of her mother's first marriage,) had accompanied Mr. Wilkins across the Atlantic, all three assuming the lordly name of Montague, as one well calculated to strike the republicans with proper awe. The truth was, that for a suitable consideration, proffered by a tory publisher, the *soi-disant* Mr. Montague had undertaken to add another octavo to the numer-

ous volumes of gross misrepresentations and real ignorance that profess to contain an impartial account of the United States of America.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PUMPKIN PIE.

MR. EDITOR—The following article was published some years since, in the "Union," but as it will be probably new to most of your readers, its insertion in your paper may not be unacceptable.

C. F. L. F.

It is the opinion of many, at least we should judge so from their actions, that provided a thing is accomplished, it is of little consequence how it is done. This is a sad mistake, and I would caution every one, especially such as are entering on the stage of active life, from indulging such an opinion. When the great Athenian orator was inquired of, what was the first requisite in a public speaker, he replied, action; when asked what was the second, he still answered action, and the same question being proposed a third time, the answer was the same—action. The Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters are authority on rules of politeness, placed as much stress on *manner*, as Demosthenes did on action. If, says he, I were asked what would most promote the interests of a young man entering the world, I should say manner; if the next thing necessary for this purpose, I should say manner, and if the third, still the same.

I am not prepared to go all lengths with Lord Chesterfield, on this particular point; but as he was educating his son for a courtier, it was necessary to insist on his paying strict attention to his manner and address. I am, however, persuaded that if the Earl was too strenuous on this subject, the generality of mankind too much neglect it. In our intercourse with the world we cannot have failed to remark the comparative ease with which those get along, who have made it their study to do things in a proper manner. If we listen to the speaker in the senate, at the bar or in the pulpit, we shall be forcibly reminded that his success entirely depends on the manner in which he delivers himself. A production which in print would afford very little entertainment or instruction, will be listened to with great delight and even edification, if delivered in an easy, forcible and graceful manner. On the other hand, a discourse replete with instruction, classical taste and beautiful imagery, often falls listless on the ear and excites no pleasurable emotions, from the dull, inelegant or awkward address of the speaker.

When we step aside from these more prominent examples into the ordinary intercourse of life, we see the rule still holds good. We are naturally led to countenance and esteem those whose actions and manners are distinguished by suavity and courtesy. So emphatically true is it, that there is a right way in doing things, that you may make a man your enemy in granting him a favor, and make a friend of another even when you refuse his request. You may bestow a kindness in so blunt and ungracious a manner, that he who receives it will lose sight of the obligation con-

ferred, and scarcely thank you; and on the other hand you may refuse with so good a grace and such manifest regret, that you will win the esteem of the person whose petition you reject.

Manner is to matter what cookery is to meat. Two dishes may contain precisely the same ingredients, and yet while one will be delicious, the other will scarce be palatable. This brings to my mind a circumstance in my own experience which not inaptly illustrates the importance of attending to minutiae. In the days of my boyhood my father's family was frequently visited by a gentleman who for several years had resided in the United States. His conversation was much relished by the family, and more especially by the younger branches. He was a kind of Peter Parley in the social circle, and we always hailed his approach as affording the promise of an interesting and instructing visit. I can see in my mind's eye, myself and my brother, sitting in our little chairs at his feet, and drinking in with delight his graphic descriptions of matters and things which had come under his notice while in foreign lands. I am not sure but this gentleman first fired my young bosom with the spirit of adventure, and led me at an early age to roam the world. Be this as it may, I was completely captivated with his conversation, nor was it less relished by the elder members of the family; for he was well informed, happy in description, and could embellish the most barren subject by a pleasing method of narration. In the course of one of his visits he had mentioned with approbation having eaten in America "pumpkin pies." This annunciation produced upon the female part of his audience the most evident marks of surprise. What! make a pie out of a pumpkin; they would as soon have thought of making one from a turnip. The conclusion was hastily adopted in their mind that he must be in jest. On the assurance, however, that it was a sober fact, the next conclusion was not less hasty, that those who could relish such a dish must possess a barbarous taste. Our friend left us, but not before appointing a day when he would again visit us.

The story of the pumpkin pie seemed to make a strong impression on my good mother, and weighed heavily on her spirits. It was such an anomaly in the history of pies, such a startling exception to the best established rules of pastry economy, that she could scarcely credit the story, much less acquiesce in the judgment and taste of the narrator in pronouncing it excellent. The result of her meditations was a resolution to test the truth by actual experiment; and that the advocate of pumpkin pies might be triumphant or confounded, she determined that the pie should make its appearance on the table on his next visit.

I have never seen the pumpkin cultivated in England as an article of food, either for men or cattle. In France, I have frequently seen it in the market, and it is used by the poorer classes in their soups. There was, however, a gardener in the vicinity of my father who raised a few, but I knew not and never inquired what use he made of them. To him application was made, and for one shilling a fine, rich *pumpion* (for that is the true spelling) was procured. The pumpkin was brought home and deposited in the pantry to

await the day of trial, no doubt greatly to the astonishment of the cook, who was at a loss to imagine what culinary purpose it could be put to. As my brother and myself were in the secret, we awaited with no small degree of impatience the appointed day, "big with the fate"—of pumpkin pies. I cannot suppose that the wheels of time moved more slowly than usual in bringing the desired hour, but they appeared to do so, and that was the same thing to us. The tardiness of time is, in this respect like an attack of the spleen; imagination becomes a reality to the sufferer and fills him with all the pains and inconvenience that the actual disease would produce.

There was no small stir in the kitchen department on the day when the expected guest was to make his appearance. The pumpkin was brought out and placed like a subject for dissection on the table. A deep dish was brought, a rich crust of paste lined it, and the knife was raised to slay the pumpkin. I have no doubt that my mother trembled, and that the servants, who were spectators of the unheard of deed, were filled with dismay at the awful experiment. The unhappy pumpkin was soon divided and subdivided, cut up in its *natural* state in pieces about as large as it is customary to cut fruit in making an apple pie; next it was placed in a dish appointed for its reception, being well sugared and spiced; next it was surmounted by a coverlid of paste, and finally consigned to the oven.

At the usual hour our old friend made his appearance, and one or two more were invited to partake of the feast. The dinner passed off much in the usual manner, except a gentle hint which my good mother could not repress, that there was a favorite and delicate dish in store, and it would be well to "keep a corner" for that. On clearing away the meat, sure as fate the pie made its appearance, large, deep and smoking hot. It was suggested that the dish was of foreign parentage, and a hope was expressed that due honor might be done to the stranger. My good mother dealt it out to the guests in no stinted measure, and requested them if not sufficiently sweet—"to sweeten for themselves." Alas, its want of sweetness was its least failing! My brother and myself narrowly watched the countenances of the guests, with that unerring knowledge of physiognomy which children possess. Our observations were any thing but favorable, and the promise of a treat far from flattering. A wry face and a crash between the teeth proclaimed the presence of the pumpkin, but it did not argue that it was a dainty morsel by any means. An unwillingness to discredit the cookery and a feeling of courtesy obtained for the *raw subject* a reception which he would not otherwise have enjoyed. My parents, who of course by the established laws of etiquette were the last to partake, felt unquestionably somewhat mortified at the feeble encomiums which were passed on the occasion. One wishing to disguise his abhorrence of the raw material he was champing, modestly remarked "he thought the fruit a little too crisp." Another had no question of its goodness, but he never was partial to *fruit* pie. A third more bluntly and honestly said that it was not baked quite enough. But now the time had arrived for my mother herself

to test her own experiment, and I shall not forget the look of utter dismay she gave on tasting the pie. On the first mouthful, the very first crack at the vegetable, the whole concern exploded; it was pronounced horrible, detestable, unfit for any one but a savage or barbarian. All eyes were now turned to our "travelled friend," on the strength of whose description the pie had been made; his face was red, tears were starting in his eyes, his hands on his side and he was choking, not with pumpkin but laughter. I do not know but my mother gave him a worse look than she did the pie, when she first stuck her teeth in the uncooked contents. But the joke was too good to yield to a dozen such looks, and it was not till his laughter had found vent, that an explanation took place. My mother accused him of having trifled in his declaration that the Americans eat pumpkin pies and that they were good. He as stoutly maintained that such was the sober fact. This led to the enquiry *how* they were made; and here the mystery was at once revealed. My mother had put every thing that was good of its kind into the pie, but unfortunately she had forgotten—to *stew the pumpkin*.

Benjamin Franklin tells us that the first bargain that he made was a very bad one. He gave all his pocket money for a penny whistle. In after life when he saw mankind sacrificing substantial good for trifles, he used to moralize and say "they pay dear for their whistle."

The story which I have related above carries with it a suitable moral, and as I write for instruction as well as amusement, I beg to press it on the attention of the reader. It is true, as a general remark, that the materials which life furnishes are the same to all, but the happy disposition of the parts is our own individual care. And here the reader will perceive that he is brought to the very spot from which he set out, namely, the importance of manner as well as matter. A slovenly, careless, or indifferent way will very much detract from the best performance. It is unimportant whether such a disposition refers to the body or the mind. It is the sentiment of Horace that there exist certain limits within and without which moral rectitude cannot exist. I am of the same opinion, and I would carry the sentiment into all the details of life. There is a certain fitness and propriety, the neglect of which, if not positively a vice, is at least negatively a want of correct principles in action. Whenever a good discourse or oration is spoiled, for the want of a little study to give it effect; whenever any virtue is exhibited so coarsely as to deprive it of its loveliness; whenever any action in short, however meritorious, is ungraciously performed, we feel constrained to express our regret, and say to the agent in the case, "what a pity he did not stew his pumpkin."

C. F. L. F.

MISCELLANY.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What lies, what meanness, what invasions on self respect, what cares, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles; how, like a knife

'twill stab the honest heart. And then its transformations! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; with the insidious custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what a nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines in the "Apollo." And then for raiment; what warmth is a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! Next, the home sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street door knocker falls not a knell on his heart; the foot on the staircase, though he lives on the third pair, sends no spasm through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow forth "com-in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sinks not in his bowels. See him abroad, how confidently, yet how pleasantly, he takes the street, how he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; now, meeting an acquaintance he stands and gossips! But, then this man knows not debt; debt that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor: debt, that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for;) debt that writes upon frescoed walls the hand-writing of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the haunted fire side; debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man; now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But, debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a syren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, and creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.—*Doug. Jerrold.*

LAW AND EQUITY.

"PRAY, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "What is the distinction between the law and equity?" "Very little in the end," replied his lordship;

they only differ so far as time is concerned. At common law you are done at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former, is a bullet which is instantaneously and most charitably effective, the latter, is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, and the other landanum."

WILKES.

At the period of Wilkes' popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble he stood upon the chimney pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen "He swings every where but where he ought!"—Wilkes passed her, and, turning round politely bowed.

"YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF."—How very common, and at the same time how very absurd it is for a girl, after she has been kissed by a chap, to turn round, pout her pretty lips as though she was mad, and say "you ought to be ashamed of yourself," when every one must know she means nothing by it. It is all nonsense, girls, to make remarks of the kind, and you really "ought to be ashamed of yourselves" for using them. Why don't you "come right out," like the Yankee girl who was kissed by her lover, and tell him "you dasn't du that agin." That's the way.—*N. O. Pic.*

MAGNANIMITY.—When the emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side; the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve the people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile, "did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal, my life at yours; do what you will, I will do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed, "Boy wanted." Next morning he found a band-box on his door step, with this inscription—"How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice, fat chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

A GOOD RETORT.—A conceited young man, thus addressed himself to an individual, "I am going to write a book on popular ignorance." "I know of no one," gravely responded the person addressed, "more competent to prepare such a work."

A DISTINCTION.—A friend accosted a neighbor one day in the street, "Why are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your

stockings? why don't you get them mended?" "I am above it," he replied, "for a hole is the accident of the day, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

LEGAL ADVICE.—"Sir," said a barber to an attorney, who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven shilling piece." The lawyer pronounced the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding with gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office I'll return the fourpence."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

E. D. C. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss S. Greenbush, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Lebanon, N. H. \$2.00; J. M. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Dalton, Ms. \$6.00; H. P. Manchester, Vt. \$1.00; R. E. H. Bennington, Vt. \$1.00; J. H. K. West Townsend, Vt. \$1.00; S. C. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. Herkimer, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bethel, Ct. \$1.00; E. F. M. Youngstown, N. Y. \$1.00; L. P. T. Scienceville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. B. Monmouth, Ill. \$1.00; A. B. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; A. C. Waterville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Ohio City, O. \$1.00; C. L. B. West Schuyler, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. W. Calais, Me. \$1.00; A. B. D. Riga, Ct. \$1.00; L. R. Greenville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. M'C. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. B. Lanesborough, Ms. \$1.00; D. C. W. Whitestown, N. Y. \$1.00; D. & K. Barre, Vt. \$1.00; G. W. L. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

POST MASTERS are authorized by the Post Master General, to send money for any person in a letter to pay the subscription for a paper, free of expense.

Married,

In this city, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Alexander J. Center to Miss Elizabeth M. daughter of the late Thomas Bay, all of this city.

In Claverack, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. Michael Whiteman to Miss Gertrude Blakely, daughter of Henry Benner, Esq. all of the above place.

At the same place, on the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. William A. Reynolds to Miss Matilda Miller, daughter of Henry S. Miller, Esq. both of Taghkanic.

In Stuyvesant, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Vandervoort, Mr. Jacob Van Deusen, of Greenport, to Miss Catharine C. Philip, daughter of the late John G. Philip, of the former place.

In Canaan, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kent, Mr. Franklin Whiting, of Barrington, Mass. to Miss Harriet Curtiss, daughter of Mr. Daniel S. Curtiss, of Canaan.

In Buffalo, at Trinity Church, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. C. S. Hawks, Mr. Samuel Hickok, of Springville, Ill. to Miss Caroline Maxwell, of Hudson, N. Y.

In Rensselaerville, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Quinlin, Mr. Harvey Smith, of Coxsackie, to Miss Laura A. Carrington, of the former place.

In West Townsend, Vt. on the 8th October last, by the Rev. H. Gurnsey, Mr. Thomas Cook, Jr. to Miss Eliza Phelps, daughter of the Hon. Charles Phelps, all of the same place.

At Port Praya, Cape de Verd Islands, on the 5th of Dec. last, Ferdinand Gardner, Esq. American Consul, to Miss M. C. Medina.

Died,

In this city, on the 15th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Joanna L. Mesick, in the 36th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Julia Ann, daughter of Harvey and Mary Macy, aged 4 years and 8 days.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Jacob Cooper, in his 54th year.

On the 12th inst. Marion, daughter of Alfred and Caroline Wattles, aged 1 month and 7 days.

On the 19th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Elmer and Lydia Herington, aged 10 months.

On the 22d inst. John son of James and Charity Eldridge, aged 10 months.

In Copake, on the 21st inst. Mr. Charles Lincoln, in the 57th year of his age.

At Nassau, on the 18th inst. Ann Eliza, wife of John T. Hogeboom, Esq. of that place, and daughter of the late David West, of Hudson, in the 26th year of her age.

At Ghent, on the 11th inst. Catharine Mesick, in the 79th year of her age, after a short illness.

In Clermont, on the 4th inst. Col. James O. Broadhead, in the 38th year of his age.

In Greenport, on the 1st inst. Mr. Derick Van Deusen, after a painful illness of six days, aged 66 years.

In Catskill, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Albertine Van Vleck, wife of Barent Van Vleck, Esq.

At Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. Rev. Daniel E. Manton, aged 29 years.

At New-York, on the 18th inst. Henry Edgar, infant son of Henry and Maria Van Every.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
LIFE'S CHANGES.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

When the last rose of Summer is gone,
When the last leaf of Autumn has faded;
When we gaze down the desolate lawn
So late by the myrtle tree shaded,

A feeling of sorrow
Sits chill on the heart;
For we know that to-morrow
We too may depart.

When our bright hopes are shrouded in gloom,
And the friends that we love are away;
When we see them go down to the tomb
Like the sunset that closes a day,

A feeling of sorrow
Sits chill on the heart;
For we know that to-morrow
We too may depart.

But when in its beauty once more,
The spring comes with zephyrs and showers;
And the field that was barren before
Is clothed in a mantle of flowers,

A feeling of gladness
Sits light on the heart;
With the mantle of sadness
We cheerfully part.

When bright hopes are shrouded no more,
By shades that life's landscape has given;
When fancy goes forth to explore
The pathway that leads her to heaven,

A feeling of gladness
Sits light on the heart;
With the mantle of sadness
We cheerfully part.

Fort Ann, March, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.
THE DANCE.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

In the festive hall and sprightly dance
Where the eye of beauty sheds its glance—
Where light forms gently float along,
And all is life and joy and song,
'Twould seem the heart had ceased to know
The ills of life and its scenes of woe.

There pleasure's sallies are gently thrown
O'er hearts that thrill at music's tone—
There mirth appears in gaudy dress
To hide the soul's deep wretchedness—
And shouts break forth from the idle fair,
But the voice of wisdom is not there.

'Tis not in the crowded hall I ween,
The form of virtue oft is seen;
And friendship rarely steps aside
To view these scenes of glittering pride,
While Religion sure was never known
To mark these assemblies as her own.

Let the fickle and the giddy throng
In the haunts of folly pass along,
And thus enjoy their day of mirth
In "the weak and beggarly things of earth"—

I ask them *not*, they are bitter things,
For they leave in the heart a thorn that stings.

I would sooner ask when my heart is lone
And a veil of sadness o'er it thrown,
Some faithful friend whose feeling heart
Could a balm for the ills of life impart;
And whose ceaseless love would cheer the soul
When waves of sadness o'er it roll.

The eye that drops a friendly tear
O'er the mournful scenes we suffer here—
The tide of sympathy that flows
In the heart that feels for other's woes,
Is richer far than the brightest gem,
That sparkles in pleasure's diadem.

For the Rural Repository.

MR. EDITOR—What just indignation is breathed forth in
the words of Hamlet against his widowed mother; Play
of Hamlet, Act I. Scene 2; and how many now a days,
had they a Shakspeare to record the secrets of their own
hearts, would speak like Hamlet!

GERTRUDE!

"WITHIN a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married; O, most wicked speed."

Hamlet, Act I. Scene 2.

Who weeps by yonder sable bier, with her royal
trappings on,
And mourns in tears of her youthful years o'er
princely beauty gone;
And leans her hand on the coffin lid and fastens her
steadfast gaze,
On lips that ne'er shall breathe again with the love
of their former days?

'Tis the spouse of Denmark's noble lord! ye know
by the signet ring,
And royal hearts are bending low with her's for the
parted king!
'Tis she, the queen of a gallant land! with her nobles
princely bred;—
But her voice hath lost its haughty tone—her queenly
eye is red!

Dark and sad through the lonely aisle are the feet of
mourners heard,
And the hanging walls and pillared domes by
funeral peals are stirred;
And she that's wed to the vacant throne of a monarch
basely slain,
Is left alone by the column stone to weep o'er the
murdered Dane!

There's mirth in Claudius' princely halls, and
music's stirring swell;
From Claudius' stately tower is heard the sound of
the marriage bell!
The glancing feet of a thousand forms are whirled
in the waltz along,
And the dancers' cheeks are flushed and hot with
the tide of wine and song.

The massy folds of martial sheets droop low o'er the
festive board,
Marred by the Saxon's deadly spear and the Nor-
man's flashing sword;
And surging plumes in the courtly light are floating
wild and high,
Like foam upon the angry seas when the fretful
winds pass by.

Though closed the eye of the Danish king, and
inhumed his monarch shade,
Cold from his urn though dews distill that corrode
his lightning blade;

Yet dry are the eyes and unstained the cheeks of
Lochlin's* royal Flower!
Her widowed heart is beating high in pride of her
nuptial hour!

Oh Gertrude! hard thy heart must be and cold as
the winter's sun,
To dry thine eye at its fountain up ere one waning
moon hath run!
And many a Danish maid shall weep as she twines
the nuptial flowers,
O'er the turpid stain that mars the fane of Lochlin's
lordly towers! J. W.

* This was the ancient name of Denmark—vide Ossian's
Poems.

TO M. A. P.

BY THE LATE WM. S. HOLDEN.

ONCE, wandering in life's young hours
Out in the summer air,
I loved to cull the opening flowers,
And twine them in thy hair.
The still, but rapid, steps of time
Have sped full swiftly on,
And all the sweetest hours of youth
Are gone—forever gone.
For he, in passing, bore them too
Upon his endless round,
And those sweet spring flowers long ago
Lay withering on the ground.
Still to my heart those hours are dear
And still in memory ever near.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grand pa's knee, was catching flies.
The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face—
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the same, same place;
As the tear stole down from his half shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you
cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun after noon, used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree,
Had plodded along to almost three.
Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the head so fair,
Of his sweet grand-child were prest:
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep, were they both, on that summer day!

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